THE
HEBREW CAMPAIGN:

To which is Annex'd, The

REVIEW

IN

HYDE-PARK.

——————————Bellonæ Propago!
Martis Honos! Hoſtiſque Tremor! quæ Pectora! Bello
Pectora certa mori, vel certa referre Triumphos!

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR.

M. DCC. XXX.

THE
HEBREW CAMPAIGN:
To which is Annexed, The
REVIEW
IN
HYDE-PARK.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M.DCC.XXX.

Officers who Subscrib'd.

	Numb. of Books Subscrib'd for.
THE Right Honourable the Earl of *Albemarle.*	10
The Honourable Sir *Samuel Garrard.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Guise.*	5
The Honourable Colonel *Dean.*	5
The Honourable Colonel *Price.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Williamson.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Roger Handasyde.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Onslow.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Herbert.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Allen.*	2
The Honourable Colonel *Townley.*	5
The Honourable Colonel *Fuller.*	1
Captain *Gully.*	2
Captain *Parker,* Adjutant.	5
Captain *Philips.*	4
Captain *Cameron.*	2
Captain *Hildesly.*	2
Captain *Harvey.*	2
Captain *Sherly.*	2
Captain *Rivett.*	1
Captain *Hudson.*	1

Captain

OFFICERS who Subscrib'd.

Captain *Daffey*.	2
Captain *Lee*.	2
Captain *Morrison*.	4
Captain *Dewry*.	1
Captain *Slowe*, Adjutant.	2
Captain *Mansell*.	5
Captain *Harrison*.	2
Captain *Townley*.	4
Captain *Waller*, Adjutant.	2
Captain *Rambuliat*.	1
Captain *Mitchel*.	2
Captain *Clark*.	1
Captain *Brackley*.	1
Captain *Willson*.	4
Captain *Lovewell*.	2
Captain *Greenway*.	1
Captain *Shrimpton*.	1
Captain *Dixon*.	2
Ensign *Durand*.	2
Ensign *Hamilton*.	4
Ensign *Parslow*.	1
Ensign *Scott*.	1
Ensign *Meadows*.	2
Ensign *Cullam*.	1
Ensign *Philips*.	2
Ensign *Windus*.	1
Ensign *Newton*.	1

THE

THE HEBREW CAMPAIGN.

Τοῦτο ἐξήγαγεν αὐτὸς ποιήσας τέρατα καὶ σημεῖα——

OF Favourite Tribes in Arms, encroaching Fear,
And the dread Conflict of an Holy War;
Of Heav'n's Decrees, the great tremendous Spring,
From which they roſe, the vent'rous Muſe ſhall ſing:
How *Hebrews* freed (nor with inglorious Toil)
From anxious Bondage, and the Land of *Nile*,
Dar'd to engage, and make ſtern Monarchs feel
Th' encreaſing Courage of their conqu'ring Steel.

But hark a while, and hear imagin'd Cries
Fill ev'ry Vale, and pierce the diſtant Skies.
MOSES is Dead! the mighty Chief's no more!
More now lamented, than admir'd before!
For him (ſince he the pious Man muſt die)
In Solemn Woe, the proſtrate Legions lie;
For him, the Tribes in mournful Pomp remain,
And their loud Wailings rang around the Plain.

BUT ſoon the Sound of War, their Souls reſtor'd,
And riſing Thouſands graſp'd the conqu'ring Sword;
His vacant Place, providing Heav'n ſupply'd,
And gave them JOSHUA, when their Leader dy'd:
Known in the Fields of MARS, and form'd to bear
The following Labours, of th' expected War.

NOW Glory fires the Hoſt, and all around
Prepar'd Battalions load the groaning Ground.
When thus, th' ALMIGHTY ſacred Silence broke,
And Earth hung trembling, while the Godhead ſpoke.

" ARISE,

" ARISE, He ſaid, Victorious Leader, riſe
" To Arms: and hope th' Indulgence of the Skies,
" Behold the Nations, with expiring Breath,
" Expect my People, in the Fields of Death.
" Go lead the War, and bid the Regions wait
" The threat'ning Iſſues, of impending Fate.
" Lo! I'm thy Strength, JEHOVAH ſpeaks to thee,
" Diſmay'd at naught thy Dauntleſs Soul ſhall be."
SO ſpoke the LORD; and ſtraight terrifick roll
In ev'ry Thought, and ſteel'd his manly Soul,
Mix'd Scenes of Death: and Conqueſts, yet unwon,
Are gain'd in Fancy, e'er the War's begun.
To Camp he goes, nor gave Commands, in vain,
To Crowds of Heroes, on the darken'd Plain.
He nods: and ſpreading Squadrons rouze to Arms,
And Troops of Warriors Martial Glory warms.
Embody'd, now, they march, nor longer ſtray
The wandring Mazes, of a lonely way;
The goodly Files, in Beauteous Order throng,
Thirſt for the Field, and firmly move along.

AND now two Spies advance, prepared t'explore
The Nation's Strength, and their Reſolves on War.
Thro' winding Turns, they take their dang'rous way,
Where Fears, and Foes, and mingl'd Horrours lay,
And each dread Scene, the vent'rous Pair ſurvey.

FAR round, fair Hills appear, and ſacred Shades,
And fragrant Landskips, and delicious Meads.
Here well-till'd Vineyards feaſt their wond'ring Eyes,
And Crops, unſeen for forty Autumns, riſe;
Struck with Amaze, emparadis'd, they ſtand,
Nor can but wonder, at the fruitful Land!
Now curious Eyes their doubtful Footſteps trace,
While a kind Harlot finds a Reſting-Place,
Beneath whoſe Roof, the bold Enquirers lie,
Till Time informs them, when 'tis ſafe to fly.
" We've heard, ſhe ſaid, your wond'rous Deeds before,
" When *Iſrael*'s Fame rang from th' *Ægyptian* Shore,
" The World's alarm'd, at the great Feats you do,
" And ſcepter'd Monarchs melt at diſtant View!

" Your

" Your GOD, I know, ſpreads Terrour o'er the Land,
" And gives our Regions, to your Conqu'ring Hand.
" Now for my Care, ſhe ſaid, protect your Slave,
" And grant me, only, what my Bounty gave.
" Your welcome Mercy, to my Friends, afford,
" And guard my Children, from the murd'ring Sword."

THUS ſhe: and taught them, dubious, where to fly
The keen Purſuit of ev'ry vengeful Eye:
Inſtructs their Flight, and points them out a Way,
Whilſt promis'd Deeds, and plighted Vows repay,
Her Hoſpitable Hand ———.

NOW o'er the Wilds, where ſhelt'ring Hills befriend
Their cautious Steps, their flying Courſe they bend;
And to the Camp the glad'ning News diſcloſe,
Nor fear th' Enquiries of ſuſpicious Foes.
At their approach the eager Tribes prepare
In joyous Throngs, to yield a liſt'ning Ear:

Intent

Intent to hear, the Rumour ſpreads around,
And all the Legions live upon the Sound.
From Mouth to Mouth, the lov'd Contagion ran,
And ev'ry Child is ripen'd into MAN!
THUS jointly firm they move, in Martial Form,
And threat, like blackning Clouds, a coming Storm.
Whilſt Godlike Prieſts, with Holy Rev'rence bore
The Sacred ARK, to meet th' expected Shore:
The Chieftain march'd in Front, and led along
The glad Proceſſion of the moving Throng;
The awful Sight, the conſcious Banks beheld!
And frighted *Jordan*, in his Channel, ſwell'd:
Soon as the ſtarting Brink, the Prieſts receive,
And dip their Footſteps in the curling Wave,
Th' obedient Stream th' ALMIGHTY did divide
And ſtay'd the Fall of the deſcending Tide;
Collected, in himſelf, old *Jordan* ſtood,
And curb'd the Downfall of his bulky Flood;
Pil'd up, on heaps, (for now he ceas'd to fall)
His riſing Waters ſeem'd a Cryſtal Wall!

And poliſh'd Pebbles pave their Paſſage o'er,
While here, no Tide ſwell'd in his Concave Shore;
Down o'er the Channel, at the Chief's Command,
The wond'ring Soldiers croſs the hollow Strand.
But now the Hoſt, th' adjoining Fields obtain,
And rank their Forces, on the trembling Plain;
The Mighty Torrent, in a moment's Space,
Breaks down, and *Jordan* finds his Native Place:
Waves, puſh on Waves, and pronely furious, urge
The headlong Current of the tumbling Surge.

WIDE o'er the Plains, the firm Battalions go,
And pitch their Camp, on Eaſt of *Jerico*;
The City faints to ſee, (big with Deſpair)
The *Hebrews* Arms, and ſudden Strength appear:
Such were their Hopes! ſuch was their anxious Caſe!
Such ſtupid Horrour ſat on ev'ry Face!

BUT to the Siege, advent'rous Muſe, repair,
And paint a City ſunk in pale Deſpair;
Where Crowds repine, and curſe their rigid Fates,
And bolt, but bolt in vain, their feeble Gates;

Hopeleſs within, the Cloyſter'd Natives ſtand,
To Heav'n devoted, and a Conquering Hand;
While to the Walls unnumber'd HEROES went
In Form imbattl'd, and on Glory bent.
With deaf'ning Shouts, the Troops diſturb'd the Round,
And diſtant Hills remurmur'd to the Sound.
The fatal Blaſt, the crooked Trumpets, blew;
The bending Walls, the conſcious Signal, knew;
Their Baſis ſhook, and cou'd no more ſuſtain
Their Weight, but fell, and thunder'd on the Plain.
The ſudden Sight, two dreadful Scenes diſplay,
For Fear, and Fury, in Confuſion, lay;
And mix'd Diſorder, clos'd the Bloody DAY.
With Glory fir'd; the *Tribes* ſpurn lazy Peace,
And wield the Sword, ſo long lay ſheath'd in Eaſe:
What can the Foe? on inſtant Death they gaze!
Here waves the Sword, and there the forky Blaze,
The Rage of War, on ruthleſs Blades, they feel,
And Death reigns dreadful, on the pointed Steel!

Nor

Nor Steel alone, deprives the Crowd of Breath,
The crackling Flames, afford a fiercer Death.
In mingled Heaps, their vanquiſh'd Foes expire,
In ſmoky Volumes, and in Sheets of Fire:
Beneath one Pile, a mighty SACRIFICE,
The Great, unhallow'd, Conquer'd City, lies!
NOW midſt the Hoſt, the Godlike Leader goes,
And Heav'n's high Will doth to the Tribes diſcloſe:
Curs'd be the Man, he ſaid, that dares to raiſe,
A ſecond time, this Bane of future Days,
Or touch theſe Spoils, devoted to the Blaze.
So ſpoke the Chief: but ACHAN ey'd the Store,
O fatal Longing! what cou'd Madneſs more?
He tempts juſt Heav'n, and eager for the Spoil,
His impious Hands, the guiltleſs Troops defile;
For as th' unthinking Warriors ſtrove, in vain,
To raze freſh Cities, on the Neighb'ring Plain;
The rallying Natives midſt ten Thouſand Harms,
Aſſume new Hopes, nor ſound they vain Alarms:

Returning Strength, their ſunken Souls recall,
And by their Swords, the flying *Hebrews* fall.
The bearded Ruin, fleeter than the Wind,
In hiſſing Darts, came ſhow'ring on behind.
Oh! Sin unknown! Oh mournful Space of Time,
An Army ſuffers for one Felon's Crime!
WHAT cou'd the Chief? he ſtood in deep Surprize,
And watry Cryſtal ſwam around his Eyes!
To Heav'n, at length, his great Addreſs he made,
And call'd th' Immortal THUND'RER to his aid;
In humble Form, implor'd his Grace alone,
And lifts his Prayer up, to his heav'nly Throne.
God heard: he ſpoke; and ſpread his Awe around,
And rouz'd his penſive Warrior, from the Ground.
" WHY proſtrate thus, he ſaid, why in Deſpair?
" And why theſe Cries to my attending Ear?
" For one curs'd Crime, my weaken'd People ſtand,
" Heart-ſtruck, and Faint, by my avenging Hand.
" And now no more, my Sacred ARM ſhall wait,
" To guard them ſinking in the Jaws of Fate;

" No

" No more my Pow'r, ſhall Bloody Triumphs yield,
" Or give them Conqueſts, in the Crimſon Field;
" Except, with pious Rage, the Hoſt ſhall ſpill
" Th' Aggreſſor's Blood, t'appeaſe my injur'd Will."

HE ſaid: and ſoon the Zealous General roſe,
(While in his Breaſt, an Holy Paſſion glows)
And thro' the Camp, for hop'd Diſcoveries goes.
His Miſty Doubts, the impartial Lots diſpel;
The impartial Lot, upon the Offender fell.

FOR Siege again, the vigorous Troops prepare,
Each widening Soul explodes unmanly Fear;
And Swift, as Brave, when Night her Veil had ſpread,
Round the wide Concave of her gloomy Bed:
Some haſty Thouſands ſlipt the drowſy Guard,
And ſoftly march'd, without a Murmur heard;
Behind next City, for th' expected Day,
The fierce, determin'd Troops, in Ambuſh lay:
And ſoon as Morn, her roſy Curtains drew,
E'er riſing SOL had drank the Cryſtal Dew;

Their thoughtful Leader, to their View, diſplay'd,
The ſeeming dubious Hoſt; as half afraid
To ſtand the Teſt: the Townſmen ſaw the Sight,
Nor once expect to meet in Mortal Fight;
But for their Back, ſucceſſleſs AI's deſign'd,
And think as firſt to give them Wounds behind.
(*) Wiſe Stratagem in War! the *Hebrews* all,
Fly 'fore the Foe, and ſeem in Heaps to fall;
While thoughtleſs Victims, to their deſtin'd Ends,
In pouring Crowds the emptying City ſends:
Urging the Chaſe, incumbent on their Fates,
And leave unbarr'd the wide expanded Gates:
Th' unguarded Portals drink Deſtruction in,
War reigns without; conſuming Fire within,
The Signal's made: the Troops in Ambuſh riſe,
With one mix'd Voice, that thunders to the Skies;
A glowing Valour ev'ry Boſom fills,
And loud-ſtrain'd Iö's, echo from the Hills;

(*) *A Stratagem of the Generals. See* Joſh. *Chap. the Fifth.*

While

While Swift, and Fierce, the ent'ring Bands deface,
The eaſy, empty, unreſiſting Place.
Their Foes look'd back, ſurpriz'd! gaze, and admire,
At once to view th' encreaſing Plague aſpire,
O'er lofty Domes, in Sheets of waving Fire.

TH' impatient Tribes feign'd their Deſign no more,
But turn'd, and ſmote them, in a Tide of Gore;
This way, nor that, the deſp'rate Rout can fly,
So thick by Swords, and hiſſing Darts they die:
From gaping Wounds, Life flows in ſmoking Rills,
And ſlaughter'd Carnage, ſwell'd to little Hills:
None in the Fields, the leaſt Reſiſtance made;
Each meets his Fate, upon the reeking Blade.

THUS the firm Files unſluic'd a Sea of Blood,
And floating Bodies, ſwam along the Flood;
Nor ceas'd the Sword, but dealt ſwift Deaths around,
Till ev'ry Foe lay proſtrate on the Ground.

NOW bord'ring Nations, gath'ring from afar,
Collect their Vengeance for a Day of War;

Con-

Convening KINGS anticipate their Fate,
Join all in ARMS, and for the Battle wait;
Nor was the Victor careleſs in the Cauſe,
But Troops, on Troops, condens'd, from Camp he draws;
Flies to the Field, and ſwift by Dawn of Day,
Surpriz'd the Hoſt, unthinking, as they lay;
The Space he ſwell'd, with Blood, and Heaps of Slain,
And Soldiers ſlide upon the ſlippery Plain.
Darts fly, in bearded Vollies, Arms reſound,
And Foes enſanguin'd, bite the muddy'd Ground.
Dread Sight! they turn, and as they turn, they die,
In Heaps, and ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain, to fly;
The ſmoking Steel diſmiſs'd a Tide of Gore,
And Floods of Purple wander'd for a Shore.
Nor was this all, the THUND'RER from above,
Dreadful in Pow'r, declar'd his filial Love;
With pond'rous Deaths, his Hoſt his Hand ſupply'd;
And ſhower'd down Hail-Stones, on the vanquiſh'd Side;

Of

Of ſuch enormous Size, they cruſh'd the Foe,
O'erwhelm'd, and bruis'd, the frighted Crowd below.
NAY, Heav'n himſelf, obey'd the Chief's Command,
Refrain'd the MOON, and made the SUN to ſtand;
The reeling Globes, ſtop'd in their uſual Way,
And gazing Mortals wonder'd at their Stay!
THRICE Sacred Day! that while the Legions fight,
In lengthen'd Space, deferr'd the Shades of Night!
Wild, and confus'd, fell all the Conquer'd Side,
With Noiſe of War, and Groans of them that dy'd.
Men, and their ARMS, lay in one common Bed,
And Swords, and Shields, lay mix'd among the Dead;
The Victor thus: (while tinctur'd yet with Blood,
Expecting Fate, their Royal Victims ſtood;)
Lay, lay your Feet, on Necks of Kings, he ſaid,
And be the Grandeur of your Pow'r diſplay'd;
Fear not, for Heav'n's Omnipotence ſhall ſtand
Your Guard, and fix you in the promis'd Land.

THUS

THUS he:—and ſwift afreſh the Chief begun,
T'encreaſe the Trophies that his Toil had won;
Rank'd thick again, the embattl'd Hoſt appears,
With Shields defenſive, and offenſive Spears:
The flying Ruin ſeiz'd th' expecting Crew,
And Storms of Darts retiring Millions ſlew;
By Fire, and Sword, whole Crowds confounded lay,
And Tribes, exulting, ſingl'd out their Prey.
The Tumult of the War was great, deform'd the Rout,
Confus'd the Conquer'd, and confus'd their Shout;
Deaf to their Prayers, their Deities they invoke,
Involv'd in Burnings, and in Clouds of Smoke;
Weary, at length, triumphing o'er his Foes,
With Victor Tribes, to Camp the Warrior goes.

THE ſcatter'd Remnant of th' unconquer'd Kings,
Unite: each Chief unnumber'd Forces brings;
And diſtant Princes, join with freſh Supplies,
Exceeding Stars, for Number, in the Skies:

O'er

O'er MEROM's (*) Plains, they ſpread; nor for a while,
Lay Locuſts thicker, on the Land of *Nile!*
The ſuff'ring Earth, the pond'rous Burthen feels,
Of Neighing Horſes, and of Chariot Wheels:
And proudly num'rous, ſpread their Armies wide,
And in themſelves, did they themſelves Confide.

BUT ſoon the Chief (for Heav'n his Soul had warm'd
With Martial Heat,) his riſing Bands alarm'd,
Ruſh'd on the War, and in the Mortal Fight,
Sent angry Thouſands to the Shades of Night:
Tempeſtuous Ruin rain'd on all their Foes,
And wild Confuſion, on Confuſion, roſe;
Here Heaps of Slain, in Bloody Mountains lie,
And purpl'd Monarchs, in their Anger die.
Great HAZOR falls, her ſcorching Crowds expire,
Nor dy'd ſhe ſingly, in the forky Fire;

(*) *For all the then remaining Kings in the Land, gather'd together their united Forces, to put an end to the War, as it were, and to cut off the* Iſraelites *at once.*

Towns, after Towns, they ſtorm'd and urg'd their way,
Thro' Lanes of Death, and made the Land their Prey.

NOW reſting Tribes, ſurvey'd each glorious Scar,
And ſheath'd their Weapons, from the Toils of War;
And thus th' ALMIGHTY, by his Servants Hand,
Perform'd his Word (*), and gave the promis'd Land:
Peace crown'd the War, and portion'd Soldiers ſpread
The Waſte; and reap'd the Labours of the Dead:
Their Vows to Heav'n they pay, and with a Bliſs,
The Laurel'd TRIBES, the Conqu'red Land poſſeſs.

(*) *Perform'd his Word, as he had promis'd to* Abr'am, *and his Poſterity.*

THE REVIEW:

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable

My Lord ALBEMARLE.

Πάντων ἐν στήθεσσιν ἄεξετο θύμος ἀγήνωρ. Heſiod.

THE Theme's reſolv'd: The glittering Files appear!
Inſpire the Muſe, ye Gods of Verſe, and War;
What Martial Glory fires the Soldier's Breaſt!
What ſtudious Ardor's for the Field confeſs'd!

The DAY, th' expected DAY, at length, is come,
And MARS's Plain, here, vies with that of *Rome*;
Before the Hours, the Daughters of the Dawn,
On Saffron Wings, bring round the roſy Morn:
The reſtleſs Youth, (ſuch Pow'r hath Martial Charms)
Swells in his Soul, and meditates on ARMS;
His lab'ring Fancy can no Rival yield,
But dreams on Action, and the deſtin'd Field:
So high th' Ideas in his Mind are wrought,
His Arms are level'd, and he fires in Thought!
The ling'ring Night upbraids the SUN's Delay,
Whoſe tardy Riſe detains the coming DAY:
Eager he riſes with big Thoughts endu'd,
Throngs to the Field, and prides to be Review'd;

The Ladies now, on other terms than AIR,
In gilded Coaches to the Park repair:
The Colonel's Motion, makes new Arrows, fly;
And SILVIA kindles in her Courtier's Eye:
The browner CLOE's of the Town too, here;
Inmix themſelves, and preſs 'em in the Rear.
Each views her SPARK, clad with a Thouſand Charms,
Bright in the Ranks, and Splendid in his Arms:
Strange Thirſt of Shew! by great Examples led,
They throng to ſee, and are on Proſpect fed.
BUT Muſe, let's halt, the MONARCH's ſelf's at hand,
He comes Majeſtick, with a beauteous Band!
Around he ſees his ſhining Courtiers crowd,
In Garter'd Honours, to their Worth beſtow'd.

HERE

HERE doth the PRINCE too, firſt of Nobles, grace
The Peeral Pomp, with his Illuſtrious Face;
On him their Hopes are fix'd, him they Admire,
The lively Image of his Royal SIRE:
A Thouſand NOBLES at his Left diſplay
Reflected STARS, that add unto the DAY;
His Princely Conduct meets his FATHER's Care,
And for the Weal their joint Endeavours are:
The lovely Sight, each Loyal Heart endears,
And bright's the Look that ev'ry Soldier wears;
O ſplendid View! and worthy lofty Lays!
The Field all glitters, and the Pop'lace gaze!
Their Poliſh'd ARMS ſeem (now the Pomp's be-gun)
To Rival Daylight, and Reflect the SUN!

Each

Each cover'd File in ſerry'd Order ſhines,
The Ranks are form'd all, in extended Lines;
To Right they're doubled now with equal Care,
Rear on the Front, and Front upon the Rear:
The one Foot now is mov'd, with decent Grace,
And now the other keeps alternate Pace;
The join'd Battalions, all as one, prepar'd;
Reſt, Poize, and Shoulder, at a Warf, or Word.
Again, we ſee the cloſing Field around,
In Battles Line take up their Glorious Ground;
While *Britain*'s awful MONARCH ſmiles to view,
What, when they're urg'd, intrepid Youths can do:

Great

Great ALBION's HEIR, pleas'd at the Sight, ſurveys;
The bright Ambition of his Princely Days;
Sees all his Guards in poliſh'd ARMS appear,
And's ENSIGNS wave the Pride, and Pomp, of War!
Around he Eyes, with a Majeſtick Look,
The Lines all curtain'd, in a Cloud of Smoke;
That from charg'd Arms, in darken'd Volumes, riſe;
Robs us of Day, and intercepts the Skies:
The deaf'ning Noiſe their level'd Pieces yield,
Shakes, with loud Vollies, the reſounding Field;
The gay Platoons diſcharg'd, are heard afar,
And the Plain Thunders, with the Voice of War.

Britannia's

Britannia's Queen, the redden'd Scene ſurveys!
Her warlike Sons, in vigour of their Days;
Here, far along the ſplendid Pomp ſhe ſpies,
And the Field feeds on CAROLINA's Eyes!
Whilſt GEORGE, the Nation's Hopes! from whence he ſtands,
O gay Preterience of the Pompous Bands!
All cloath'd a-new, and all in bright Array,
Reviews the Ranks, the Labour of the Day!
Their eaſy Paces, now keep time, and all,
At one juſt Motion, ſlowly riſe, and fall;
And as they March, from neither they Divide,
But move in Decent Order, Side by Side.
Of what juſt Praiſe, of what bright Glory ſhares,
Each ſprightly File of ALBEMARLE's (*) STARS!

(*) *Which may allude to the Star worn on their Caps.*

Their brawny Limbs, their lofty Bodies bear,
And 'boye all Ranks, their nodding Caps appear:
The Conic Head-piece, highly fix'd, outvies
The Rival Reſt of this Gigantick Size!
Their Lord, their Leader, doth this Honour bear,
Who's ſure ſuch Striplings are the NERVES of War:
On his bright Youth, the wondring Pop'lace gaze,
Nor ſhows the Field a nobler Front than theſe:
All know their Diſtance, all their Order know,
And all a-breaſt, move ſilently, and ſlow;
Their Motion's juſt, and mindful on each Side,
The bright Proceſſion moves with comely Pride.
THUS, till the SUN his flaming Car had driv'n,
'Bove half his Courſe, and meaſur'd half of Heav'n;

The

The active Warriors, all, with Martial Sound,
Traverſe the Field, and ſhake the trembling Round;
Till late diſmiſs'd, they're march'd in looſe Array,
And Eaſe, inglorious Eaſe, muſt cloſe the Day!
The courtly Train recedes, the Nobles now
Diſperſe themſelves, and end the Pompous Show.

FINIS.

THE PREVIEW